

# The



# Cheer

"For St. Joe

and Success"

VOL. XVII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1925.

No. 15

## Varsity Baseball Prospects Fair

Under the spell of the recent enticing spring weather, old King Baseball is coming into his own once more. A glance over the campus, any of these days, will reveal numerous prospective fielders eagerly pouncing upon hot grounders or carefully judging and snaring long flies. Under the critical eye of Coach Radican the battery men, too, are industriously exhibiting their wares; and as the season approaches the hurling aspirants are steadily developing more speed and acquiring better control than had been originally deemed possible.

St. Joe always has been keenly enthusiastic over America's most popular sport, and at present the outlook indicates that the Saints have pretty fair prospects for the coming season. Manager Ed. Kotter has seven games scheduled thus far, including the annual tussle with the Alumni nine on May 13, and he is still carrying on negotiations for several more.

Boone, a last year's varsity moundsman, will probably be St. Joe's twirling ace this season. The pitching staff, on the whole, will be considerably stronger than was at first anticipated. Achberger, Moore, Picard and Gohman are developing nicely and some of them are sure to deliver the goods. The lively struggle for the receiving position is still in progress with Koors and Steckler the outstanding aspirants.

Of last season's infield only the veteran Hoffman remains. Around this versatile athlete Coach Radican must build his first line defense. Hoffman was a star second-sacker last season and will no doubt again perform in that capacity this year. For first base the competition is rather keen, but thus far Kotter, Reardon and Ameling are the leading contenders. Shortstop and third base are likewise "wide-open," although both Fertalj and Schmelzer show promise at short, while Byrne, Navarre or Klocker should do well at the hot corner.

Petit, a last year utility outfielder, is easily Coach Radican's best bet for center field honors. For left field Basso, Barth and Kahle are the most likely looking rookies, while Brennan, Determan, DeShone and Liebert seem to be the best of the right fielders. The showing of many of these hopefuls at present is a sign of mighty hot competition ahead.

Offensively the team should be fairly strong also, as many of the prospective players seem to be pretty consistent sluggers. It is, however, too early to predict much about the stick work, for batting practice has as yet scarcely gotten under way.

## C. L. S. TO STAGE PLAY FOR PARISH BENEFIT

St. Augustine's parish, Rensselaer, in order to meet the needs of its growing membership, is preparing to build a large new church. In this great and meritorious undertaking the Columbian Literary society is preparing to lend its aid.

"Believe Me, Xantippe," which was so successfully staged last December, will again be played on this occasion. The performance will be staged Easter Monday evening in the College Auditorium. All pecuniary matters relating to the staging of the play are in charge of the Parish committee. This body of self-sacrificing men and women have been laboring unceasingly in the furtherance of this work, and look with confidence to a full house. This play is for the townspeople only. We trust that the response will be in such numbers as to make the affair a grand success. We know that all who come will feel well repaid.

What, indeed, does the word "cheerfulness" imply? It means a contented spirit; a pure heart; a kind and loving disposition; humility and charity; a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self.

## NATION OFFERS PRIZES FOR ESSAY CONTEST

University and college students, who engage during the summer in some agricultural or industrial occupation, are invited by the Nation, a liberal weekly published in New York, to write their experiences in the form of an essay and submit it to them. For the best account submitted, describing experiences in the field of labor and the best interpretation of the industrial situation involved, the Nation will pay \$125, with second and third prizes of \$75 and \$25, respectively. For further particulars, see the back cover of the Nation for March 25.

This is an opportunity that should not be allowed to slip by unnoticed.

## SPIRITUAL RETREAT TO BEGIN WEDNESDAY

The annual retreat will begin Tuesday evening. This spiritual exercise, which has become an annual feature of the pre-Easter season, is an excellent manner in which to close the Lenten period in preparation for the great feast of Easter. A Franciscan Father will be in charge of the exercises this year. Lasting over Thursday and Friday, the retreat will close Saturday morning.

## QUARTERLY EXAMS NOW BEING HELD

Beginning last Thursday morning, the examinations for the third quarter are the order of the day. These examinations will last over Sunday, the finals being Monday afternoon. Following these will be the usual free day.

"I'm true to the last," said the shoemaker.



## THE WEAKLING

"Aw, gwan away! Yer no good! You can't play ball, you weakling!"

Basil King, only son of the town's wealthy steel magnate, turned sorrowfully on his heel and walked away in a disconsolate mood from the local baseball field, where it was the neighborhood lads' wont to come and recreate themselves in this sport.

The bitter spoken words of Red Callahan, better known as the leader and bully of the neighborhood boys in which vicinity Basil King lived, stung him to the heart. He was rejected! The boys refused to let him partake in their games and sports. They termed him a weakling because of his betterment in worldly goods and clothes and also because of the fact that Basil had fled from Red when that young worthy offered to knock his block off.

It was true that he had been pampered by his doting parents. Even if there was manliness in him in his younger years it was crushed early by the indulgences and gifts bestowed upon him by his fond parents. He was usually not allowed to leave their sight for more than a few moments; and even during this short space of time, his parents worried over his return.

Thus he took very little outdoor exercise, and as a result his healthy young muscles, instead of becoming hardened by daily exercise, steadily lost their strength and in time became practically flabby and puny. Basil grew thin and pale from improper nourishment. Doctors were called. Pills and medicines produced little or no effect and seemed rather to do harm than good.

One of the doctors, however, saw through the boy's case, at once, and suggested that the lad be given more fresh air, hardy food and exercise. The fond mother would not have this beneficial treatment carried out, as she explained that she could not bear to see her precious darling so treated. Thereupon, the matter dropped, and Basil continued as before in the usual indulgences and luxuries which were harmful to him.

Basil, after being rejected by the other boys from playing ball with them, strode sadly away in tears. As he walked through the park near his home, he began to realize the seriousness of his present condition, and it pained him. He looked down upon his thin, wasted legs and body, felt the loose, flabby flesh on his emaciated arms, and then gazed with apparent envy at the firm flesh and body of a newspaper urchin as he ran to and fro across the street delivering the Evening Journal. How

Basil wished that he also possessed such a manly form as he sat there with his head bowed down in shame.

The next day Red Callahan came up to Basil as the latter was watching them play ball in the park. Without the least warning or the slightest provocation, Red struck the timid boy a stinging blow across the face, saying: "Take that, you weakling, and don't let me ever see ya aroun' here again, you brat!"

Terrified and full of anger, Basil ran toward home, his young heart palpitating wildly and filled with inexpressible grief and mortification at such treatment. Thoughts of revenge, which he had never before experienced, supplemented his soul and tormented his feverish brain with a blazing desire to destroy his enemy, Red Callahan. He scuffled through the park, but stopped at the nearest park bench and sat down to contemplate his misfortunes. As he grew cooler, his heated passions became more tranquil, and he then reasoned with himself hopefully.

Basil now fully realized his sad plight, his utter weakness and cowardice. But he was helpless. He could not fight; he was a weakling. How the thought tore at his breast and tormented his mind. No! He would make a man of himself and endeavor to show the world his true self: a man among men. He would begin at once to train his body, strengthen his weak muscles and build up in himself a man of future consequence. He was determined to revenge himself on Red Callahan for the brutal treatment he had but recently suffered at his hands. Having thus made his firm resolution, Basil arose from the park bench and hurried home in a much happier frame of mind than he had left it but a few hours before.

A week later found Basil engaged in taking private boxing and gymnastic lessons from an instructor of physical education, who maintained his office in the town in which he lived.

Basil had taken his allowance, which was very copious, and had paid for twelve lessons in advance. His parents knew nothing of their son's ambitious plans and so could not curb his most ardent desires, nor did they thus cause any interruption, as would have been the case had they but known.

The rigorous regime which Basil had to undergo in order to attain his wish was far from easy; and many times he was forced to admit the venture a complete failure. But only by his own sheer determination and will power did he finally succeed in gaining his secret end.

At the termination of twelve weeks Basil King had undergone a severe change. He was healthier, weighed

twenty pounds more; his muscles had lost their flabbiness, which was replaced by fine flesh and sturdy sinew. He had grown half an inch taller and was physically a new boy in every way. The change in him was remarkable. His parents also noticed the apparent change in their son, but attributed the fact merely to his natural growth during that time and thought no more about the matter. Basil himself had never mentioned his severe training to his parents, but allowed them to believe as they did.

Ever since Basil had been chastized by the bully of the neighborhood boys, he forced himself to stay away from the ball park and busy himself in his physical training and the development of his young, flabby muscles. Now that he felt himself in every way able to mete out his revenge upon Red Callahan, he sought the first opportunity that presented itself to carry out his vow. It came a few days later.

A baseball game was to be played between Red Callahan's team and a team from another part of the town. All the neighborhood boys were eager to see the great game and, on the appointed day, came flocking to the park in order to witness the sport.

Basil King saw his chance. He did not particularly care to see the game, but he wanted to be revenged on his young enemy, Red Callahan; and he saw a possibility of fulfilling his promise to be avenged.

At last the day of the great baseball game between the two local teams came. The day was warm and the sun shone splendidly—an ideal day for the occasion. At two o'clock Basil slipped into the park in safety, as Red Callahan had not espied his presence as yet; nor did he until the end of the game, which wound up in a decisive defeat for Red's team. Possibly it was the sting of his defeat that roused Red's inflammable anger. At any rate, his anger increased thrice more when the bully of the neighborhood gang saw Basil King calmly watching the victorious nine troop off the baseball field, singing loud huzzas in spirit of their recent victory.

Red Callahan flew into a heated passion and strode angrily over to where the innocent Basil was sitting on the bench. As Red neared the lad, he bawled out in a loud and terrible voice: "Hey, ya mutt! I thought I told yau not ter show yer face aroun' here agin, eh!"

And he growled fitfully as he began to roll up his sleeves and start to advance menacingly toward Basil King, who still sat on the bench un-

(Continued on Page 5)



# FRIBOURG UNIVERSITY EXEMPLIFIES THE UNITY OF CATHOLIC CHURCH

"The world has heard much about Louvain." Thus writes P. Coffey, Ph. D., of Maynooth, one of the illustrious sons of that world-renowned university. But, we might add, the world has also heard much of Rome as a center of learning. And we believe that there is another European city destined to take her place among these foremost educational centers of the world. That city is Fribourg—the great university town in the Swiss Alps.

At the foundation of Fribourg university, some thirty years ago, Leo XIII, then happily reigning, said: "I bless the University of Fribourg. It is my university." Need one question the words of that illustrious Pontiff? Why does he say, "It is my university?" Let us ask the reader another question and we have the meaning of the words of the Supreme Pontiff. Is there another university in the world so thoroughly Catholic as is Fribourg? We dare say that there is not!

In spirit let us go to the little town of Fribourg. We select a morning in early November. Had we come on any other morning save this particular November morning, we would have found the town not much different from any other Swiss town—beautiful, and surrounded with the snow-capped Alps. But this morning all is astir. We see an auto descending the narrow and winding Rue de Laussane, bearing three young men clad in gala colors. One of the young men is holding a huge banner of some sort. Another auto follows. Thus we see several decorated motor cars coming from various directions.

We see priests and religious, all in their respective habits, making their way to the same place. Where are they going? To the Church of Notre Dame, the university church in charge of the Black Franciscans. It is the day of the official opening of the university, a day always marked by a religious ceremony of special solemnity. We follow the crowd.

The huge church is already well filled. We learn that those strangely clad young men we had seen were the color bearers of some national society of the university. Still they come. And now we see three such youths clad in colors which we recognize as our own red, white and blue. The one in the center bears a banner. "Religio—Scientia—Moralitas," is engraven upon that banner in the richest gold! Need we

tell that it is the standard of the Columbian Reading Circle founded at the University of Fribourg twenty-five years ago?

The mass begins. The Bishop of Laussane-Geneva-Fribourg? Ah! in the old days he was simply Bishop of Laussane-Geneva. But along came the so-called reformers and took his cathedral from him. But Fribourg, which through the admirable activity of Blessed Peter Canisius, the renowned Jesuit, remained true to the faith, offered him shelter. Since that time the bishop of the diocese resides in Fribourg. Since that time he has that title, and though his beautiful cathedral still exists, it no longer is "God's house," for it still remains a Protestant temple. We can see the beautiful Catholic paintings scarred by the hands of reformers. This much by way of diversion.

The mass goes on. The solemn moment of the consecration arrives. Simultaneously the banners of the National Societies are lowered in salute to the God of the Nations; the banner of the thrifty Swiss; the banner of the Italian society; the banner of the English society, speaking for an empire upon whose soil the sun never rests; the banner of the French, the flag of that country once termed fairest daughter of the Church; the banner of the German societies, speaking for "what might have been;" those of Poland and Lithuania, speaking for an oppressed people; and, lastly, own own Columbia, with her red, white and blue, ever speaking for the land where mountains standing firm from firm, not land from land, of the land where the poor and oppressed of every nation are welcome as long as they do not bring their ancient quarrels and their ancient grudges.

And thus the flags of the nations bow down in homage to the God of the nations. We count eighteen. Many nations! Many flags! Each with its own history, each with its own ideal; yet all for the moment bow down and pay homage to the Common Father of them all, to Him who holds the nations in the hollow of His hands. Truly, an impressive sight! Truly, a vivid and far-sounding to the invitation of the Royal Psalmist: "Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes; laudate eum, omnes populi." ("Praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye peoples.") Yes, Fribourg university is an international university. She is cosmopolitan in the fullest sense of the word. She brings home the fact that a difference in nationality does not necessarily imply friction, bigotry, and prejudices.

And her professors, like her student-body, represent every nationality. Switzerland, Germany, France,

Belgium, Spain, Ireland, Italy, England, America—all have their representatives here among the illustrious followers of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas. Professors of these farflung nations and men with years of experience and close observation and study in the Philippines, Jerusalem and the Holy Land, the Island of Malta and the Far East have come together here to form a faculty truly international in thought even as in blood.

Of the merits of Fribourg as a university we do not intend to enter a discussion. Suffice it to say that Louvain—the world's center of learning and every German university without exception, acknowledges her degrees. We find her sons in the foremost countries, in the most thriving parishes of the land; yes, in the most desolate missionary fields of China, India and Africa.

Cosmopolitan as no other university is, need we wonder then at the words of Pope Leo XIII, that great promoter of scholastic learning, who upon the foundation of the university presented its rector the gold cross and chain, handed down each succeeding year to the new rector. Need we wonder, I say, at his words spoken in that foresight which has made him famous? Truly, with him we may expect much of Fribourg when he says: "I bless the University of Fribourg. It is my university." And as we see the eighteen national emblems salute in common the God of the nations we are animated with a new faith and repeat with Holy Mother, the Church: "\* \* \* Credo \* \* \* et unam, sanctam, Catholicam et apostolicam Ecclesiam." ("I believe—and in one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic church.")

LEO. A. GATTES.

T.—Are you Scotch by birth?

R.—No, by absorption.—Pacific Star.

"Aren't you the same man I gave a mince pie to last week?"

"No, mum, and the doctor says I never will be."—Xaverian News.

"I've heard that Babylon fell and Rome was sacked."

"Yes, and Tyre was punctured."—Purple and White.

"Hank" Kaufman and John Beckman recently had a very warm argument as to whether Easter rabbits color the eggs before or after they lay them. As neither could prove his assertion, on the night of the 11th they intend to lie awake in a neighboring wood and catch Peter Rabbit at work. In this way they may settle this momentous question for all time.



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## EDITORIALS

### EASTER

"He is risen; He is not here." Thus spoke the angel nineteen centuries ago; and resounding down through the vistas of time come the selfsame words, reminding the Christian world of that crowning mystery of our redemption.

All the world rejoices at Easter-tide. Nature, clothed in her verdant garments, resplendent in the warm spring sunshine, dignifies the hope and faith we have in the Resurrection, coming as it does after the dark days of the Passion and Death of Him who died for our salvation. There is that warmth and joy and security inspired by the great sacrifice of Jesus Christ. All is joy and gladness.

Lent with its days of penance is past; the Christian world has discarded the sackcloth and ashes and rejoices with its Redeemer on this day of glory. We see no more the Christ of Calvary, crowned with thorns, bruised and bleeding, poor and despised; but in His stead we see a figure Whose face does shine as the sun; we see Him in His divinity.

Joy and gladness are everywhere on Easter, and it is well for us, as true Christians, to rejoice in holy ecstasy at our Savior's triumph. Let us thank God from the depths of our souls for allowing us to share in this glorious day of His Son's power and majesty.

### THE COMING RETREAT

Next week while the entire Catholic world is observing the anniversary of the bitter Passion and Death of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, we shall enter into a Retreat. The season, with its sacred setting and significance, is, indeed, appropriate for the contemplation of our innermost self. We shall discard the things of the world and, strengthened by the memory of that greatest of all dramas enacted on Calvary's hill, give ourselves to God,

A Retreat is a necessity for true Catholic education, for during such a period we, as it were, dissect our soul and learn more intimately our weaknesses. Our character will be ennobled in the same degree as we know ourselves, and during a Retreat we acquire this knowledge of self.

Humanity is weak. We all know this from our own experience. Only too often do we stray from the path of duty and lose sight of our stately ideals. We plunge into the maze of worldly joys and pleasures and lose our way. During a Retreat we are led back to the narrow path and set aright once more.

When we consider our own insignificance and the munificence of the All-Father, it behooves us to give thanks, and in our humble way to show our gratitude by serving Him unselfishly. The Retreat offers the opportunity, and it remains with us to receive or reject it.

The vast majority of the student body will enter into the Retreat with the right spirit. Would it not be a wonderful example, if, on Holy Saturday, everyone could honestly say that he made a good Retreat. This is not an impossible goal; it is worth an effort. Let us co-operate with the graces of God and make it a reality.

### THE BASEBALL SEASON

Spring is here at last, and with its advent comes the baseball season. The balmy spring air, the radiant warmth of old sol, and a sense of freedom after the long winter indoors urge us into the great open to take up our national sport.

Baseball, with its wholesome appeal, is America's national game. To prove the popularity of this sport one needs only to glance at the vast amount of space the great dailies of the country give to baseball. The many hundreds and thousands of fans in America hungrily devour the latest news from the southern camps of the major leagues.

Coming nearer home, whenever we step outside these days we hear the sharp crack of the horsehide meeting the bat. The joyous shouts echoing from the campus attest to baseball's popularity at St. Joe. And, speaking of St. Joe, we might casually add a word on the much discussed topic, school spirit.

The call for varsity candidates has gone forth; but, looking over the number who have thus far not responded, the writer thinks there is something wrong. With some there seems to be a case of holdout. Perhaps after the trying days of the examinations, the number of candidates will increase.

Loyalty to St. Joe demands that each and every student with even an

ounce of varsity ability try for the team. As in everything else, so also here, good results will not come unless there is a representative crowd from which to choose. We all owe a lot to our school. Perhaps, right now this is not obvious, but time will prove the assertion. St. Joe has just finished a highly successful basket ball season. Success came because the squad was composed of the best players at St. Joe. If the baseball season is to be a winning one, the varsity must possess the best talent available.

This is just a word; prevention is better than cure. Enthusiasm is what we need, co-operation, too. The balmy, spring days are calling to us, and if we are real, red-blooded men we will respond. The varsity needs you; St. Joe needs you. Will you fail to heed the call? We hope not, for it is a duty of every student, possessing the ability and the time, to report for baseball.

### DEATH WARRANT OF CHRIST.

The following interesting document is a translation of an inscription on a brass plate which was found at Naples, Italy, in 1720. It was published by Rev. Wm. F. Markoe in the Brooklyn Tablet:

"Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, Governor Regent of Lower Galilee, to the effect that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer the punishment of the cross.

"In the year 17 of the Empire of Tiberius Caesar, and the twenty-fifth day of the month of March, in the holy city of Jerusalem, Annas and Caiphas being priests and sacrificers of the people of God, Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Galilee, seated on the presidential seat of the Pretorium, condemns Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves in consequence of the following weighty and notorious testimony on the part of the people:

"(1) Jesus is a seducer. (2) He is seditious. (3) He is an enemy of the law. (4) He falsely calls himself the son of God. (5) He falsely calls himself the King of Israel. (6) He entered into the Temple followed by a multitude bearing palms in their hands.

"Pontius Pilate orders the first centurion, Quirither Cornelius, to lead him to the place of punishment, and orders all persons, whether poor or rich, not to prevent the death of Jesus.

"The witnesses who have signed this sentence against Jesus are: Daniel Tobani, Johannes Zorobabel, Raphael Tobani, and Capet, a public man.

"Jesus will leave the city of Jerusalem by the Strunean Gate."



THE WEAKLING  
(Continued from page 2)

perturbed. "I'll learn ye, you weakling!" And springing forward with cat-like agility aimed a smashing right at the youth's head. Like a flash of lightning, so quick was he, Basil sprang to one side as the bully threw himself forward, and dealt his enemy a hard blow on the nose. Red howled in pain and again made a leap at the boy. This time his progress was stopped in mid air, for Basil, before Red struck toward him, again aimed a blow at the bully's head. It landed squarely on the onrushing Red's jaw. The bully reeled backward, spinning like a top, and then crumpled to a heap, motionless on the ground. The neighborhood boys who had gathered around Red Callahan at the onset, were fully astonished and amazed at the great change that had come over the weakling. Silently they picked up the unconscious form from the ground and carried it to a nearby bench on which the prostrate lad was laid. As Basil King, now unmolested, turned away from the small gathering thus assembled, one of the neighborhood boys, who was next in command over the gang, ran to Basil and in a loud, clear voice said: "Boys, I admire the weakling's pluck in knocking our captain down for his insults. He is now a brave lad and not a weakling. It is my choice that we give him a place in our midst and make him leader. He deserves it if anyone does. What do you say?"

A loud cheer greeted the boy's speech and Basil was unanimously named to the leadership of the neighborhood gang. Red Callahan, ever nonchalant, soon left the neighborhood in disgust and has never since returned.

Basil King continued to rule in his stead over the vicinity in which he lived, and grew to strong, robust and honest manhood, soon after leading his town in politics and commercial affairs. Thus, from this example, one may see what pluck will do for those who have ambition enough to go out into the world and seek it.

Success waits for no man, and yields its fruits only to those who win them.

LOUIS. C. WURZER.

"THIEF OF BAGDAD"  
A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE

"Happiness must be earned" is the lesson conveyed by Douglas Fairbanks' oriental fantasy, "The Thief of Bagdad," which was shown here on the evening of March 25.

It was the same agile Doug who leaped and fenced his way through the intriguing court of Louis XIII; who leaped and jousted in the days of Richard Coeur de Lion. But the court of Louis and the merry wood of Richard have become the mysterious city of Bagdad in the hey-day of its glory, when its Caliph could command the whole wealth of the luxurious East.

This atmosphere of fantasy and magic, Fairbanks has condensed to the silver sheet, without marring its glamor or dispelling its mystery. It is an achievement that marks an era in moving picture history.

The magnificent scenes, the gorgeous costumes, accurate to the minutest detail; the crowds of people surging hither and yon, are as perfect a reproduction of life in the great city of Bagdad in the era after Harun-al-Raschid as art could make them. In so far the picture is an aid to the better understanding of history.

"The Thief of Bagdad" lacks the vigor and life of "The Three Musketeers" and the human interest of "Robin Hood;" but it is far ahead of these two earlier productions of Mr. Fairbanks in the fineness of detail and beauty of composition. It is a magnificent spectacle.

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : : :  
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## HIRAM WRITES

Colledgeville, indiany

Dear Paw,

Well it sure has been 1 long time since last i writ 2 home. The onley excuse i have is the ofte repeeted 1 about beeing bissy. Talk about work, us colledge gies sure do win the prize. What we nead is an 8 our day jest like these unyun gies. Farmers and colledgers got most of the work when the good Lord passed it out. To be a farmer u nead a strong back and a weak mind (but i don't mean anything personal by this paw) 2 be a colledger you nead a strong mind and if you stay long enuf you get a hump back. i say u nead a strong mind but that aint saying that everyone has his neads satisfied.

Commenctment day is 2 bee June 10. What the heck they call it Commenctment is by me but i ges it means commence to work. i sent 2 of my pitchers home yesterday an i hope you recognize me. that 1 with the square hat on means i am a col-

ledge gradiate. They call that do-hinkus a mortar board but it aint the kind the plasterer uses. i guess they call em mortar cause we have got more 2 learn. What's the idea of all that cap and gown is by me.

I wanted to join the quire last week since it is a shame to let a voice like mine unheered of so i asked the director about joining. He asted me to sing which i did and then he says 2n base 4 you young man. Now paw u know as well as i do they aint no baseball in a quire and if some of these birds think they are kiddin Hiram they is mistaken.

Next weak is exams agin and then retreat which is about as true as can bee. 4 after them exams many a gie will retreat. The exams start April 2 which to my mind is 1 day behind time.

Well paw, there goes the bell so i must clothes. Tell may i still am wearin the red flannels but will take em off soon. Best luck with the plowin.

Yours 2 a T

HIRAM.

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Two Good Places to Eat

Home and

## HOTEL MAKEEVER

**E. F. DUVALL, D. D. S'**  
**DENTIST**

In Geo. E. Murray Building.

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OPTOMETRIST

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EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE

The place to buy your footwear,  
hosiery, and athletic footwear.

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## CHEERY CHOKES

The burning question: "When's the Cheer coming out?"

Help, Help, we give up! After exactly twenty-two and a half minutes of painstaking labor, were we able to make Dave Petit see that joke about the goldfish.

### A Perfect Sillygism.

We go to college to improve our faculties.

Our instructors are our faculties.

Therefore, we go to college to improve our instructors. — Punch Bowl.

"Drop me a line some time," yelled the man overboard.

When a point is stretched too far it becomes a line.

Minister—Remember, lad, beauty is only skin deep.

Liebert—Gee, that's deep enough for me. I'm no cannibal.

Our idea of an absent-minded person is the bird who borrows a book on "Punctuality" from the library and then forgets to return it.

If our apartment failed, would that be called a flat failure—Juggler.

No man is as good as he tells his prof he is, or as bad as he tells his girl he is.—Merry Widow.

### Encyclopedia Collegevilla.

Big Gun at College—The guy that gets fired often.

Wimmers (hungrily)—Hand me that meat.

Powers (admonishingly)—If you what?

Wimmers—If you can reach it.

Mac DeShone—Run up to my desk and get my watch.

Costello—Wait a while and it will run down.

Mac—Naw it won't. That's a winding staircase.

### Watch That!

Prof.—Will you, young gentlemen, kindly place your examinations on the desk before you pass out?—Yale Record.

Lady—Gee, it's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for meat.

Butcher—It's tougher when you pay twenty-five.

"What's buck wheat?"

"Wheat that sells at a dollar a bushel."—Xaverian News.

A follow-up story, according to our illustrious seniors who have just finished a course in journalism, is a detective story.

College life without razzberries would be just like shortcake without strawberries.

Latin Teacher—Caesar pitched his camp across the river.

D.—Gee, he must have been strong.—Wendelette.

### Letters They Never Received.

Dear Students:

Owing to the fact that the weather is so nice and your work so diligent during the year, there will be no third quarterly exams. You may leave for home immediately and return any time after Easter.

Sincerely yours,  
THE FACULTY.

## LOWRY'S STUDIO

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CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS

Priced to Get Customers

Quality to Keep Them



## "HE IS RISEN"

Faint gleams the dawn; then o'er  
the rugged hill  
The sun, up-risen, floods the east  
with light,  
To rouse the dormant race, and  
gloom of night  
Dispel; and smiling nature feels the  
thrill  
Of new-born day; the larks exultant  
trill  
Their greetings, as they wing their  
upward flight;  
But all this beauty pales before the  
sight  
Of Christ, arising from the tomb to  
fill  
The world with joy, His brow with  
glory crowned,  
Which thorns had pierced; His  
ruddy wounds outshine  
The day in splendor, while His  
heart aflame  
With ardent love that grace may  
more abound,  
Would fire all hearts with charity  
divine,  
And o'er the souls of men its sway  
proclaim.

—Rev. John A. Leman S. J.

Not every young man that "took"  
medicine is a doctor.

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## "HER LOVE STORY"